

Party, and thirteen and others

One-China man? We should worry

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... his tale about Ntanya. I return home and his progress is a marriage. It also deals with the strong and there are some

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Modern proconsul

One
is n
alent

Macmillan

Russian Proust

The Making of George Orwell

Paradise Lost is easily the best of the tercentenary volumes to date. —Times Literary Supplement

impressions, so they do. The picture that emerges is one of great confusion and complexity. Power kept

The setting, a crowded middle-class flat where all the work is done by one long-suffering mother, has hardly changed since the 19th century. Adolphe and Elise

Happy family

The setting, a crowded middle-class flat where all the work is done by one long-suffering mother, has hardly changed since the 19th century. Adolphe and Elise

Edward Arnold

41 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

SALVADOR DALI

Town

**TWENTY-THREE QUARTO PAGES OF A MACAULAY
CAMBRIDGE PRIZE ESSAY**

A black and white portrait of John Jay, an older man with a high forehead, receding hair, and a serious expression. He is wearing a dark coat with a white cravat. The portrait is framed by a decorative border.

The young Mercedes

A. N. L. Murphy

Essay on the Life and Character of King William III.

"Præterea quæ hithus sæculum
fendebat, cunctis præis et fractura terre
et lignis in imperium unigenum." *Virg. Æneid VI. 810.*

—Yet while he vaunted himself to the utmost of their services, he never incurred any danger from their rivalry. His mind was not so often taken by superficial magnificence, which displayed itself on all occasions in his policy, his tastes and his pleasures. All his actions were performed with a grace exquisitely and preeminently kinglike. His august and fascinating demeanour was a stimulus which enforced the obedience of the proudest and mightiest spirits. The haughty and turbulent warriors whose conquests had agitated France during his minority yielded to the irresistible spell, and, like the gigantic slaves of the ring and lamp of Aladdin, laboured to decorate and engrandize a master whom they could have crushed.

With incomparable address he appropriated to himself the glory of campaigns which had been planned and counsels which had been suggested by others.—The arms of Turenne were the terror of Europe.—The policy of Colbert was the strength of France. But neither

strength of France.—But in their
 foreign successes and their internal
 prosperity the people saw only the
 greatness and wisdom of Lewis.
 Though himself licentious, he
 acquired the support of the man
 whose virtues and whose writings are
 the glory of French theology.—
 Though himself illiterate, he asso-
 ciated his name in indissoluble union
 with the most celebrated epoch of
 the most celebrated literature.

Europe. Without ever witnessing a battle he acquired the glory of a conqueror. Without making one substantial sacrifice to the happiness of his people he possessed their ardent and constant affection. He was beloved in spite of crimes, respected in spite of follies, admired in spite of reverses and humiliations. Even when the grave had closed on his greatness, when flattery had nothing more to hope, nor malignity to fear, the veneration which during sixty years had been shown to his person was long continued to his memory.

Such was the man who in the prime of life directed the resources of the greatest kingdom of the world. His armies were numerous and admirably disciplined. His generals were the greatest soldiers of the age. His finances were flourishing;—his people united and loyal. Nor was his ambition more incited by the magnitude of his resources than by the weakness of his neighbours.—No power existed to contest with him the supreme influence in the European system.—The secret of his

[illegible][illegible]

It was whispered in his ears and has been proved in his life, that he had planned in conjunction with Lewis the subversion of the Church and Constitution. At every other period his ambition had been counterfrayed by his father's indulgence. But he had fifty years of happy days. The slugsy-eyed, unskilful father had produced a son who was a match for Voltaire in his talents—able in his resources,—brave as Macchaveli and a far—he had been equally at his ease with all the expedients of war and all the incentives of factious character may be best described by those emphatic words in which Thucydides has portrayed a man in his talents and his fortitude resembling the English hero.

agitation in its progress in its close. Many had had loathing from the immediate freedom to the sweeter private virtue. The despotic power the court appeared amiable increased with the rigour of the rulers. They had directed the endearing and solemn and with which the wisdom of the English Reformers had adorned. They had prohibited from the scrupulous of families persecuted the slightest error. Popish rites, with the nearness of the Pope's Christianity had appeared ally but as the desire of innumerable pleasures, of the polished manners, of the natural and amiable feelings, the portentious of the by-lyrics," which fell from ladies the rivers and fountain of the and converted them into women, she had appeared to descend the pleasure in the

celestial marriage, to the
hithertofore and death all the
refreshing springs of human
ment. As the crimes of the Pa
huf made her odious, their fal
rendered her ridiculous. Her
prophate statesman. Villain
by every crime, the outcast
city profession, the refuse of
ill, traitors, by their own
sion, first to their country and
to the world.

majeinic language, her most
duties, had for years been
in degrading association with
dance, with vulgarity, with hypocr
with madness, with the yells of
with the jargon of camp, the
of tubs. Taste alone had
revenge. — A revenue officer had
antagonists; and to
from the temples of Religion
ature had found refuge in the
of Pleasure, and now he
retroverted her with those look
can ennoble even vice, and
together with those shafts of
formidable even to task
Shen-ak, like the beautiful
Chien-sze, became the slave
of idle and lascivious boys.

When such was the national feeling and such the popular literature, the character of Charles was more dangerous by the more than his vices than it would have been the semblance of virtues. Thus, the conjoint influence of a court and a depraved press, led these people were descending the depths of moral and political degradation.

Freedom however was not the doctrine. There were still too many men who had seen with capital eyes the first day of the great crisis of the world and shared the calamities of France.

who fought by the side of the English
and who still cling with the English
city of age to the cause which
was embraced with the earliest
of youth. There were many
reasoned the increasing power
of France, and many
embled for the national
to the care of all good
or prince, and feared

of the Catholic body. All party prejudices, all recollections of former hostility, all apprehensions of danger, were forgotten in the sense of intolerable oppression. Mutual antipathies gave way to common perils. Whigs and Tories, prelates and field preachers, were combined by the dread of tyranny and persecution. And the voice of the people invited the defender of Holland to be the deliverer of England. Betrayed by his favourites,—deserted by his children,—the miserable King fled to the hospitality of foreign allies, and after a feeble struggle for empire, concealed his gloomy passions and blighted hopes in the retreats of that superstition to which his folly had sacrificed a throne.

It is needless to detail the often detailed circumstances of the revolution. The foreign policy of William the Third has likewise been described by the most brilliant and popular political writer* of our country in a passage well known and so admirable that it would be superfluous to quote and presumptuous to alter it. I shall therefore confine my observations to the great and characteristic principles of the revolution, a subject which must at all times be interesting to the historical student, and which, at the present period, suggests reflections peculiarly solemn and important.

Many writers have with great pomp of language and vehemence of asser-

tion contrasted the consequences in anarchy with those of despotism. Such comparisons indicate a very confined view of the nature of both. Each is the cause and the effect of its antagonist. Since the first recorded origin of government they have followed each other in perpetual succession, reciprocally producing and producing. Society, when once drawn out of that happy neutral point in which alone it can repose, continues to oscillate between these extremes, instead of resting again in the medium. Till Sovereigns and nations learn to act with perpetual attention to this great principle, mankind can hope for little through the future, as they have experienced little through the past, except an alternation of miseries and errors.

When will the friends of social order throughout the world feel that

without freedom it can never be secured?—Unlimited power can exist only in name.—A press may be silenced.—A senate may be dissolved.—But who shall repel the eternal law of self-preservation? Who shall suppress that wild and irregular tribunal which exercises its tremendous functions in the hearts of an oppressed people?—Who shall elude the arts of vengeance, or resist the enthusiasm of despair?—The fury of a multitude—the swords of Innistrates,—the daggers of assassins,—such are the instruments to which despotism drives its victims, and exposes its possessors.—Look at the history of England and of Russia during the last century. See, in our own country, Sovereigns, perpetually scourged by the very laws by which they were perpetually troubled, living without fear, dying without violence, transmitting securely their limited power to the rightful heirs.—See, on the contrary, the fate of those princes who have ruled with unrestricted power the largest empire of the world. See one deposed by an ambitious relative, another assassinated

destroyed by his infuriated and terrible subjects. Look at France.—It is easy to execrate the impious and frantic atrocity of Jacobin domination.—But shall we not seek for the cause in Ages of oppression,—of exclusion,—of superstition—in the vices of successive monarchs—in the dungeons of their tyrannys—in the recesses of their lust—in the Bastille?—In the Parc aux Cerfs? That government may be permanent, nations must be free. That public opinion may not burst every barrier, it must be allowed an open channel. When the liquid fire descends freely from Aetna, the peasant retreats before it in security. He calculates its progress, and provides against its effects. He knows that though it may efface some ancient landmarks, and destroy some former labours, it will soon cover the soil over which it has passed with sweeter flowers and richer vineyards. It is when the destroying element is pent up within the volcano, that it convulses the ocean and the earth, that navies are wrecked, cities engulfed, and kingdoms devastated by its rage. In the same manner popular incursions are

But William knew where to pause. He outraged no national prejudice. He abolished no ancient form. He altered no venerable name. He saw that the existing institutions possessed the greatest capabilities of excellence, and that stronger sanctions and clearer definitions were alone required to make the practice as admin-

able as the theory. Thus, he imparted to innovation the dignity and stability of antiquity. He transferred to a happier order of things the associations which had attached the people to their former government. As the Roman warrior,* before he assaulted the Veii, invoked his guardian Gods to leave its walls, and to accept the worship and patronize the cause of the besiegers; this great prince, in attacking a system of oppression, summoned to his aid the venerable principles and deeply seated feelings to which it was indebted for protection. As he avoided violent changes, he also abstained from political persecution. A powerful party had strongly and, in the house of Lords, at first successfully, opposed his elevation to the throne. Many of his ministers and generals were falsely, and some justly accused, of correspondence with his exiled competitor. The world has rarely produced a prince whom such circumstances would not have converted into vindictive and jealous tyrant. William did not even resort to a system of exclusion. His conduct displayed a lofty spirit of suspicion which was at once the highest magnanimity and the highest wisdom. He would see nothing.—He would believe nothing.—He fearlessly surrounded his nog-

son and his throne with parlied enemies and calumniated friends, and thus secured the services and conciliated the affection of many whom a less generous policy would have rendered useless or treacherous.

By such means was the constitution of England established. May similar moderation guide, and similar success reward the efforts of all who, in this and in every age, shall defend

the great cause of human liberty and happiness!

Notes

1. Revelations, Chapter VIII, Verse 10.
2. *Tempest* Act I, Scene 2.
3. *Hindubas*, Part III, Canto 2.
4. See Locke's memoir of Shaftesbury.
5. *Thineydays*, Book I, Chapter 138.
6. See the account of Baxter's trial for libel before Jeffries.
7. See the famous resolutions of the Convention after the discovery of the Rye-House plot in 1683.
8. Burke:—*1st letter on a Regicide Peace*.
9. Camillus, *Lyrical Book* 5, Chapter 21.
10. See the Correspondence on the subject of Fenwick's plot, in Archibald Cox's *Shrewsbury papers*.

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Neighbours

There is so much cross-cutting that the theme is lost, but incidents stay vivid in the mind: dinner at Russia

H.Q. with a soldier behind each officer ready with a branch to brush the flies off his plate; Cavan, who has never ridden before, riding with the basbi-bazouks from Trebizond to Kars; Crookshank, semi-delirious with fever, sitting on a stretcher covered with blankets and continuing to amputate; young Englishmen from the Imperial Ottoman Bank waiting at the station for the train loaded of Bulgarian refugees, sorting out the living from the dead, the frozen to be thawed, the dead to be led away.

The facts are fascinating, but our frustration becomes another and individuals lose their identity. Even Le Strangford, the indefatigable friend of the Bulgarians, described by Milne as "hard as a very laced corset and full of impossible stories" never quite becomes a person. The main interest perhaps is that so much money should have been subscribed and that many people should have worked hard and suffered so much in order to alleviate a misery which was the direct result of actions which they themselves did not deplore. They watched the butchery and volunteered to foot the bill. Aggression may be an instinct, but so is benevolence, a war every victim is innocent; the question "Who is my neighbour" is easily answered. The experiences of the Balkan Volunteers illustrate the difficulties involved in the exercise of such benevolence.

